

P. S., an interesting and intelligent young man, some years since, gave decisive evidence of a change of heart, and made a profession of religion. The Church had strong hopes of his usefulness, and the firmest confidence in his piety; but, for some time past, they have been much tried in consequence of his leaning to the doctrine of universal salvation. For years the church was without any communion or regular preaching. He wandered away from God and his brethren; and, for a time, even the most sanguine had almost given him up. He had not, however, utterly lost a sense of divine things and his own duty. And the singular proposal which he made to his Universalist friends, and the result, brought him to doubt more than ever the practical tendency of their sentiments. As some of them worked in the same shop, he one day asked them, 'Why don't you pray—why don't you have a prayer-meeting? If I am going to be a Universalist, I am going to have a prayer-meeting.' They found he was in good earnest. A Universalist prayer-meeting! When and where was it ever established? The proposal was not seconded. He did not succeed. Reflection and the merciful interposition of God seemed to humble him, and brought him back to the prayer-meeting and the communion of the church.

"July 2.—Had the communion at FOUR CORNERS, the first the church has held since my mission. When I then left them, weeping and disconsolate, little did I think that they must wait my return before they would enjoy the precious privilege. Ah! little did I then think that I must know the pang of separation from a beloved people, that the prayers of this church might be answered, and we once more mingle our tears not in the pain and conflict of a parting scene, but in gratitude and praise around the table of our Lord. But blessed be God that we thus met, and thus celebrated the dying love of Him who had not where to lay his head.

"When I thought, had I not been present, there had been no communion, no meeting there, and the little, cheerful, rejoicing church would not have praised her God, as she now did with loud voices, and when I saw some pious mothers come forward, and present their dear children for baptism, and saw how the scattered sheep had come in from the wilderness, I not only was reconciled to be with them, but could bless the Father of Mercies for the heart-cheering interview.

July 8th.—SOUTH RIDGE. The word of God seems to be again moving upon the minds of the people. Many came in from the woods four or five miles, and it is interesting to see, as I do in some places, men, women, and children, some on horseback, but most on foot, coming in from every point to hear the good news of salvation.

"At GRANBY VILLAGE, an overflowing house.

"July 17.—WATERLOO. Had a Bible Class—a promising attendance—shall continue it through the season. At the close, two young ladies called on me for religious conversation—have been anxious some time—one expresses a hope of reconciliation to God.

"21st and 22nd.—Visited a new and interesting neighbourhood—as it was Saturday, and the school-house being vacant, preached to a few families whom I had opportunity to notify. Conversed with a weeping mother who expresses a hope to unite with the church.

"July 23.—SOUTH RIDGE. House full. The word seemed to fall in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

"July 24th.—THE EMIGRANT CHILD.—Spent the night at Mr. D——, found here an intelligent child five years old, whose history deeply affected me. She had come on from beyond Sherbrooke eighty miles on foot, with a travelling company of emigrants. Her mother is dead, and her father abandoned her, leaving her with a girl of infamous character. When her mother was buried, as they had had no boards in the settlement, they split a log and put up two side pieces in the grave, dropped her in—laid another half log on the top, and covered her up.

"When this wearied, worn-out and forsaken little sufferer reached Granby, she was scarce able to go—her hard nail-fastened shoes were a *gore of blood*. It had dropped from her feet and dried in her shoes when I saw them. When on the road, and almost unable to stand, she was tied to a chest on a small hand-cart. The boys would run with her. Sometimes she fell off. She was taken by Mr. D. in a needy plight, and transferred to a relative, where I saw her. And when I saw the kind and pious Mrs. D. lay her down at night in a little neat bed on the floor, and imprint an affectionate kiss upon her cheek, and heard the happy child say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and 'Our Father who art in heaven,' I thought indeed God was good to the orphan, that his love for little children was